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FROM

THE ATLANTIC SURF

TO

THE GOLDEN GATE.

FIRST TRIP ON THE GREAT PACIFIC RAIL ROAD.—
TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS AMONG
THE MORMONS,

WITH SCENES AND INCIDENTS,

BY

W. L. HUMASON.

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FROM THE ATLANTIC SURF TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

Whoever casts a glance over the map of this country, scans its mighty mountain ranges, glances over its majestic rivers, and views its far-extended and deep-indented sea coasts, and considers, for a moment, the vast domain protected by his Nation's flag, must feel proud to call this his own — his "native land," — a land, the scenery of which is unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty; a land laved by three oceans, embosoming innumerable wide spread lakes, and sending forth its rocky, snow-capped peaks to battle with the clouds.

Wherever the writer of these pages has wandered, — whether sent forth by the demands of business or called forth by the hours of leisure, — he has ever found a quiet pleasure in roaming over extended plains, threading far-reaching forests, sitting by laughing streams, standing by thundering cataracts, or scaling lofty heights.

Having traveled over the British Provinces and almost every state and territory of our own country, east of the Rocky Mountains, I had long felt a desire to visit those vast regions extending westward to the Pacific Ocean.

The near completion of the Pacific Railroad awakened anew this desire, and I determined to gratify it.

Accordingly, on the sixth day of May, 1869, I left our pleasant New England, passing over the New York Central and Lake Shore Railroads, on my westward way.

At Chicago we changed cars for Omaha, and rode on through a beautiful region to the banks of the Father of Waters; then on, over a well-constructed bridge, through the attractive State of Iowa. The journey through this state was a very pleasant one. The fine, rolling prairie land reminded one of the undulating waves of the sea; while the fresh, green grass and the bright spring flowers painted the whole landscape with the loveliest of hues.

We made a short stop at Omaha, then commenced our important journey over the vast plains, wide-spread deserts, and great mountain ranges of a continent.

Starting out on the Union Pacific Railroad, we soon

formed — as travelers will — a little circle, which we called *our* circle; and we became, as it were, almost one family, throughout the journey. The members of this circle consisted of a Mr. Jennings, once a merchant in San Francisco, now residing in Fairfield, Conn.; a Mr. Brewster, once of Norwich, Conn.; a young man by the name of Adams, from Boston, connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company; Mrs. Charles Marsh, nurse and child, of Nevada City, California; Mr. Proctor, of Fitchburg, Mass., U. S. Commissioner, appointed to examine the Railroad and report thereon; a Mr. Collins, of New York City, and a Mr. Larkin, of California.

Mr. Adams we found a young man of much promise, in whom we all took a deep interest; always cheerful and obliging, wide awake and full of mirth, and ever on the alert to comfort and please all around him. For a young man, he had seen much of the world; had served under Kilpatrick, during the war, had accompanied that officer in his raids, and often found himself in many positions of risk and danger,—being obliged more than once, while engaged in "tapping" the enemy's

wires, to suddenly slide down the telegraph pole, and run for "dear life." He has invented a valuable machine for reporting stocks, etc., which has drawn forth very favorable notice from the California Press. May he succeed, and may his "shadow never grow less."

Mr. Proctor is a king among travelers, has a "heart as big as the State of New York," and lucky the man who "sails in his craft," or joins hands in his circle. The morning shall find his face covered with smiles, and the evening his heart filled with gladness. We looked up to him as the patriarch who was to lead us through the desert; and well he fulfilled his task. May Uncle Sam send forth more such commissioners, and may the writer go with them.

But the center of the circle, and the light thereof, was Mrs. Marsh. Born and educated in New England, one of those rare women which New England alone can produce, — although married and settled in California, she had not forgotten her early home; but had made almost yearly visits to it. From one of these visits she was now returning, and expected to meet her husband at Promontory. Mr. Marsh was one of the directors of

the Central Pacific Road, and was to be present at the ceremonies of "laying the last tie, driving the last spike," etc. Experienced in travel, Mrs. M. had the faculty of taking care of herself, and bore this rough journey as bravely as the bravest. Her bright countenance, pleasant smiles and kind words, daily reminded many of the party of soft eyes and warm hearts left behind. Particularly did they recall to young Adams' mind thoughts of a bright-eyed maiden who dwelt among the hills of Massachusetts, whose fair hands had filled his little lunch-basket with delicacies, and whose parting words, of mingled love and sadness, still lingered in his ear.

Now, Dear Reader, taking it for granted that you are somewhat acquainted with our fellow-travelers, let the train move on.

The road we found excellent, the cars pleasant and new, and the sleeping cars even elegant. We passed pleasantly on over a beautiful section of country, bright and green with the freshness of spring, until night closed around us.

The next morning found us rolling along the banks of the Platte River, whose wide, rapid, turbid, shallow stream we soon crossed. We were now riding over those great

plains near the centre of the continent, about which so much has been said and written. Some writers have pronounced this region a desert, — roamed over, occasionally, by herds of buffalo But it is very far from being a desert. It is covered with grass, makes good pasturage, and contains thousands of acres which many a New England farmer might covet.

We saw no buffalo, but plenty of antelopes. Sometimes we would see but one or two together; then, again, great numbers of them, at a little distance, running "Indian file," along with us, apparently racing with the cars, and always winning in the race.

These are the regions that have been so often passed over, by emigrant trains and by trains bearing government stores to the forts and military stations still farther west. An old "Post Trader" on the cars told us that he had seen five trains at a time, each with hundreds of wagons moving along, abreast, over these plains. Wagons can pass over any part of the plains. One single train will make a new road anywhere by once driving over the ground, and a very good road too. No better section of country could be selected for building a railroad, so far as grading is

concerned. Soon we came upon an encampment of Indians. They proved to be the friendly Pawnees, and were in the employ of the Government. They were engaged in guarding the railroad and as scouts to scour the surrounding country, and give warning of the approach or hostile movements of the treacherous Sioux and other tribes, which have been the terror of the frontier settlements. There are two companies of these mounted Pawnee scouts, and Gen. Augur, who was in our car, said that he had recommended the War Department to employ many more. He says they make the best of troops for this border country and the services required, and told me that he had never known a case where one of these Pawnee soldiers had ever proved treacherous or unfaithful.

Steadily onward we rolled along these extended plains, through the clear, bright day, watching the distant mingling of earth and sky, gradually rising higher and higher from the far off sea and nearer valleys, towards those remarkable elevated table-lands that occupy so much space in the center of our great country.

Towards sunset we approached the summit of the Rocky Mountains; the air became thin and transparent,

the vast plains we had so recently traversed, lay spread out like a great sea behind us, while the Black Hills rose up from the elevated plains before us. Rapidly the iron horse bore us on up the long grade until the snowy range of the Rocky Mountains, glittering in the rays of the receding sun, appeared upon our left.

This was my first sight of the famous Rocky Mountains. My boyish dreams were realized. For hours, at the school desk, have I pondered over the map and wandered, in imagination, with Lewis and Clark, the hunters and trappers and early emigrants, away off to these Rocky Mountains, about which such a mystery seemed to hang, — dreaming, wishing, and hoping against hope, that my eyes might, some day, behold their snow-crowned heights. And here lay the first great range in the pureness of white; distant, to be sure, but there it lay, enshrined in beauty, contrasting strongly with the deep black of the Black Hills, which we were now passing on our right.

Onward plunged the iron horse, until he stood panting upon the summit, 8,240 feet above the level of the sea — the highest point on any railroad line in the

world. We stopped for a few moments, gathered some of the fine moss that grew upon the summit, drank of the water that gushed from the rock, gathered snow from the scattered heaps that lay near at hand, watched the sun go down in a sea of glory, far, far below us, — his lingering rays glancing from the sides of the bright, snowy range, long after the Black Hills had become shrouded in gloom.

Whoever has stood for the first time upon the top of Mount Washington at sunset, can have some idea of the feelings that pervaded us, — feelings that pen or pencil can never portray.

Here was the backbone of the continent. We were no longer to wind along *up* dashing streams, but were to go *down* along their sides; the waters of those behind us found their way to the Atlantic Ocean, — those before poured into the far-off Pacific, or were swallowed up by the thirsty desert sands.

I should mention here the remarkable appearance of the rocks immediately around, as our train moved on. From the green sward peculiar colored rocks would suddenly rise up and assume all curious forms and

shapes; some rising up into cathedral towers, others taking the shape of statuary, some of dismantled forts, some of ruined castles; and, still further on, they were seen in such numbers and shapes as to cause one to suspect he was passing the ruined walls of the blocks of buildings of some large city. We continued to gaze on these curious formations until darkness compelled us to seek the sleeping car, and the berths that young Adams' telegram had previously secured.

That night our engineer was reported drunk. I cannot vouch for the correctness of the report. He certainly performed some feats not necessary for the comfort of railroad passengers, such as twitching and jerking the train suddenly forward, and stopping it suddenly,—almost throwing us out of bed,—sometimes scarcely moving along, then speeding up and dashing ahead as though demons were in pursuit of him (I believe they were). Soon his boxes were on fire, and he had to make long stops to cool off. His performances were of such a nature that we were kept awake most of the night.

Morning found us in the Great American Desert,

moving through the vast fields of sand covered with alkali and sage-brush, with no water fit to drink. Nearly all day we rode through this most miserable region of sand, sand, dust, dust, sage-brush, sage-brush, sage-brush! The whole world seemed a desert, and here were the signs of the same.

The only relief for the eye was the sight of the snow-crowned peaks of surrounding mountains, provokingly distant. The eating-houses at the stations, which had hitherto been good, seemed now to partake of the nature of the country, consisting of miserable shanties, with tables dirty, and waiters not only dirty, but saucy. The tea tasted as though it were made from the leaves of the sage-brush, — literally, *sage tea.* The biscuit was made without soda, but with plenty of alkali, harmonizing with the great amount of alkali dust we had already swallowed. The butter was too venerable to be approached. The smell of the fried bacon reminded one of the slaughter-houses of the ancients. The spoons presented no temptation, not even for a Ben Butler. The knives and forks *may* have been made of English steel; but I would pity the man who would be so

rash as, with rasp or file or scouring-sand, to undertake to work his way through incrustations dark and deep, in the vain attempt to find it. The prices were like those of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but "all else how changed!"

At one of the little stations we learned that an attack had been made the night before by the Indians, and some stock driven off. We passed some Indians about to take the war path, hideous in paint and feathers. We met other parties mounted, the women astride like the men, and one could hardly tell which was "the lord of creation," or which the "better half," were it not for the pappoose which often formed the "Grecian bend" of the latter.

At another station we met a crowd armed with rifles, shot-guns, revolvers, horse pistols, etc. Upon inquiry we learned that this was a Vigilance Committee. They had hung a man the day before from a telegraph pole, for committing a fiendish outrage upon the only respectable woman in the place. They had heard that the comrades and friends of the executed man were coming on our train to avenge his death and to "wipe out the place,"

and the Vigilance Committee were on hand, all armed, ready to receive them.

The road, which had been very good until we had passed the summit, we now found very poor, having been hastily constructed, some of it in mid-winter. The grading was very poorly done, the road was very narrow, and the track, in places, decidedly unsafe.

Towards night we began to lose sight of the sage-brush and ascend into a better region, clothed with green, up the gradually sloping sides of the Wahsatch, or main range of the Rocky Mountains. We drew nearer to the snow-capped peaks, and began to enjoy the grandeur of the scene before us.

We ascended at a rapid rate, winding up the mountain, making a curve, in one instance of nine miles, to gain an advance of four. The road was very rough, and the cars were rocking and bounding in a very unsatisfactory manner. Assistant Superintendent Hoxie was on board with the conductor. We told them we thought there was danger to be apprehended from so great speed on such a rough road. Mr. Hoxie laughed and said there was no danger, and the conductor said he had never run off the track yet.

The summit was soon reached, and we began to descend towards Echo Canon. Our party was in the rear car — called the ladies' car. While turning a curve at a rapid rate, we were thrown from the track. We flew to the brakes and sprang for the bell-rope. On we bounded over the ties, the car wheels breaking many of them as though they were but pipe-stems. Every instant we expected to roll down into the ravine. We ordered the ladies to cling to the sides of the seats, and keep their feet clear of the floor. It seemed as if that train could never be stopped! But it was brought to a stand-still upon the brink of an embankment. Had the cars gone a few rods further, the reader would probably never have been troubled by these hastily written pages. Through all this, hardly a word had been said; but now came the excitement, the screaming, the shouting and the weeping,— not unmingled with some earnest prayers of thankfulness to Him who had averted the threatened danger. All who remained on the car were uninjured; but Mr. Jennings had leaped from the rear of the car, struck upon his head, creating an ugly-looking wound, from the effects of which he has not yet fully recovered.

The car was soon upon the track again, and we proceeded at a very slow rate of speed, — hardly as fast as a man would walk. Mr. Hoxie said the road was so bad that we could not go on after dark, and we must stop at a little place called Wahsatch until 8 o'clock the next morning. We did not want to go on; but what a place to stop in! No buildings — nothing but tents or shanties, and all of them "whiskey hells" of the lowest kind. We worked our way through the most villainous-looking crowd that man ever yet set eyes on, to an old sleeping-car on a discontinued side track, which proved to be densely populated with "creeping things."

Here we had to spend the night — a night, as Mr. Nasby would say, of some "onpleasantness."

Three hundred railroad men, of the roughest kind, had just been discharged and paid off, and were all drunk with poor whiskey, and were "roughing it" over the place in a terrible manner, having every thing their own way. We were afraid they would attack our sleeping car and "go through it," as the phrase is, and rob the passengers.

The ladies were very much frightened, — there was

very little sleep in the car that night. The doors were securely locked. Some of the party had arms, and stood on guard. Many times in the night some of the "roughs" attempted to get in, and were driven away. They were apparently too drunk to form any organized plan of assault. I did not sleep, and shall long remember those sounds that made that night hideous, of howling, cursing, swearing and pistol shots. Fights occurred by the score; we could distinctly hear the blows. Knives were freely used, and the stabbing affrays were numerous. One man was shot directly under our car window.

Morning came, but no breakfast; yet daylight itself was to us a feast. An early freight train took off many of the drunken rowdies, and we sauntered out upon the surrounding hills. We came upon a small graveyard in which were several graves, every one of which, it was said, was filled by the victim of some broil or fight,—not one had died a natural death.

Eight o'clock came, and we left this place of unpleasant memories, and proceeded, at a slow rate, down into Echo Canon, descending the mountain on a track in the form of a letter Z. The track along here was

laid in the winter, and the frost was coming out of the ground, and the rains and melting snows had washed the slight road-bed so that a passage over it was very dangerous. Wrecks of freight cars, which had rolled down the embankments, were very frequent. Mr. Hoxie was with us, and exercised the utmost caution.

When we entered Echo Canon, the scenery became grand beyond description. The mountains seemed to crowd near together, and their forms were very curious and singular. Their perpendicular walls of rock reminded me of the rocky walls that enclose the waters of the famous Saguenay River.

But, grand as was the scenery of Echo Canon, it was far surpassed by the scenery of Weber Canon, which we entered about eleven o'clock. We ran very slow, to avoid another accident, and, therefore, had ample time to view the principal features of this wonderful canon. The Weber River forces its way here, through high mountains faced with perpendicular rocks, carved in fantastic shapes of castles, profiles, pulpits, stairs, slides, etc. Little streams, fed by the melting snows which accumulate in the recesses of the mountains, fall over

the lofty heights into the Weber below. As you look up from the side of the deep canon thousands of feet, great masses of rocks appear as though the least jar or sound would send them crashing down upon your head. We passed the "Devil's Slide," and reached the "Devil's Gate." Here the waters of the Weber are crowded into a small space, and make a sharp turn to find their way out of their walled prison.

Here we came to a bridge high up in the air, extending from cliff to cliff, over which we were to cross. The melting snows had raised the river to such a height, and the rapid current of its rushing waters had so weakened the foundations of the bridge (which were never secure), that it was unsafe to cross. No train with passengers had ever crossed it. Locomotives were not hazarded upon it. At this point we made a long halt. Most of the passengers got out and attempted to cross the bridge. There were no planks upon the bridge, and the crossing must be done by stepping from tie to tie. When all was ready, Mr. Proctor took one hand of Mrs. Marsh, and requested me to take the other, and the march commenced. We put the left foot forward

and kept step, if not to "the music of the Union," to the roaring and thundering of the raging Weber, which foamed and dashed far down beneath us. A single misstep would have sent us down where no human arm could rescue; and where one poor fellow, the next day, went and returned not. But we passed over without accident, and the spectators declared that Mrs. Marsh had done nobly to lead two such men across in safety.

Many of the passengers refused to cross in this way, and went back to the cars. A large body of men were at work upon the bridge, trying in every way possible to brace and strengthen it. The superintendent resolved now to try to pass our locomotive over the bridge. Accordingly the passenger cars were switched off on to a side track, while our locomotive was left standing on the brink of the river near the end of the bridge; then another locomotive pushed a train of empty platform cars up to it, and "coupled on." The fireman and engineer then got down, and left their favorite to its fate, the latter remarking, "Good bye, old 121. I have been with you a great while, and hate to lose

you." The platform cars were then slowly pushed forward, and the high, feeble bridge, creaked and groaned under the weight of No. 121. We watched with intense interest the slow-moving machine, until it reached the solid shore, when a loud shout went up. This experiment was a success, and the platform cars were drawn back, and the passenger cars were carefully pushed over in the same way. Before all this was done a thunder-storm came down upon us, and there commenced a search for shelter. An engineer of one of the locomotives took Mrs. Marsh, and ran down to a small Mormon settlement a few miles below, where she found a comfortable place and a good meal, in a sun-dried brick mansion, about eight feet high, of a kind-hearted Mormon saint. Here, in peace and comfort, she quietly awaited the approach of our reunited train. Our passengers presented an amusing spectacle as they crawled beneath the rocks and planks and timbers, and under the tanks and wheels of the locomotives to escape from the beating storm. In spite of the drenching rain, I enjoyed the sight of the black clouds and the forked lightning, and the sound of the peals of

thunder rolling up the great ravine and reverberating far back, and up among the great chasms and lofty peaks beyond.

The train, upon the western shore of the Weber, being made up and all ready, we loaded in and passed slowly down into the plains of Utah. We now held a "council of war." It was evident—the road was in such a state—that the conductor would not undertake to run in the night. Our thoughts wandered back to Wahsatch. We resolved not to repeat the last night's experience. We had heard of a city of comfort and of plenty, where bright-visaged Brigham reigned, where we might feed on the food of saints, and sleep on beds of down.

To Salt Lake City we resolved to go.

We stopped at Taylor's Mills, and chartered a stage from Wells, Fargo & Co., loaded up in the midst of a drenching rain, and started at 6 o'clock, P. M., for the city of salt and love. The distance was forty miles, the horses were to be changed at every ten-mile post. We had proceeded but a short distance, when we were called upon by the driver to get out and assist the stage through some mud-holes and over some side hills that we could

not pass without upsetting. Several got out, and, by hanging upon one side of the stage and then upon the other, as occasion required, managed to keep the vehicle "right side up with care" until the bad places were passed, and we were again all snugly packed within, cemented together, as it were, with Utah mud. Very good time was made after this. The stage contained a jolly crowd; jokes were perpetrated, stories were told, and, in spite of the stench issuing from the strong sulphur springs which were passed on the road, we all felt that we were approaching a good place suited for a Sabbath's rest. On Saturday night, before 12 o'clock, at the Townsend house, in the city of Salt Lake, we were enjoying the luxury of good clean beds, and awaiting with open arms, the approach of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

I can never forget that bright Sabbath morning, when I awoke and looked out upon the beautiful Great Salt Lake basin, surrounded by a cordon of snow-capped mountains, rising nearly 7,000 feet from the plains and 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The city is located in a charming spot. We admired the broad, clean streets,

with fresh streams of clear water from the melting snows of the mountains, pouring down their sides or along the alleys; the little, neat houses embosomed in trees and shrubs, and the gardens of fruits and flowers. The Great Salt Lake glimmered in the distance, and the pure, warm air came to us tempered by the cool breezes from the neighboring snow-clad heights. How we enjoyed our morning walk and our morning meal!

It was an interesting sight to see the children of the Sabbath Schools, from the different wards of the city, all moving on, in processions, towards the Tabernacle,—all dressed in their Sunday best, many of the girls adorned with dresses of bright red and blue.

We proceeded to the Tabernacle, a large, low building, shaped some like the cover of a chafing dish. Some say it will hold fourteen thousand people. It was divided by a canvas partition, into two parts, but half of the whole building being needed. It is very difficult for a speaker to be heard in many parts of the building. Many of the Mormon dignitaries occupied seats upon the platform; among the number was Elder Kimball, Joseph Young, Mr. Cummings, W. W. Phelps, and Mr. Wood-

ruff, once of Connecticut, now "one of the Twelve." The services commenced with prayer, then followed congregational singing, then another prayer, then singing again. After this one of the Elders made some remarks, and introduced a Methodist minister from abroad, who had been invited to preach and address the assembled Sabbath schools. After the sermon another man, who *claimed* to be a Methodist minister, was called upon to make some remarks, which he did, in tones of thunder, and "brought down the house." He was loudly applauded; although one of the Mormons told us it was done in violation of their rules and customs. This last speaker proved to be a "black-leg" and noted gambler. There were "Gentiles" in his audience who knew him. He soon found that he was "spotted," and bore himself quietly and quickly away. In the afternoon their communion service was held. They use no wine. The Mormons are a temperate people. They use bread and colored water. Old and young can partake if they belong to the Mormon Faith, but all "Gentiles" are excluded; they can look on, as we did. While the bread and water were being "handed round," in cake

baskets and pitchers, the Elders made some remarks of a rambling nature, the drift of which was that the whole world, outside of Utah, lay in wickedness; that all the virtues of the race were embodied in the Mormon faith and practice. The people were exorted to be industrious, to avoid intemperance, and to shun the fashions and follies of "Gentile" life. In short, the men were cautioned against tight, fine-textured pants with broad stripes, and silk stove-pipe hats; while the women were exorted to nurse their own babies, and to eschew the "pannier" and the "Grecian bend."

The services were somewhat lengthy, and the audience was large. Several women partook of the bread and water while their babes were nursing at the breast. The number of the children is perfectly astonishing. If all of them follow the faith of the fathers, Mormonism will never die out. In the evening services were held in one of the wards, in which the language used was so coarse and indelicate as to be out of place in print.

Upon the invitation of an intelligent well-to-do Mormon,

Mr. Adams and myself went with him to his home. He had but two wives. The first he had married and brought from the vicinity of Montreal, in Canada, the place of their birth. She has one child. The second wife he married in Michigan City, Indiana. She has six children, including two pairs of twins. They all *appeared* to live happily together. The first wife seemed to treat the second as a kind mother would a dutiful daughter. They were both intelligent, and had seen something of the outside world. Our Mormon friend showed us his grounds, his beautiful garden, and his young, fruit-laden trees. Everything about him bore marks of industry and thrift. He led from his barn a valuable horse, which he "showed off" before us. It was a noble animal—a perfect picture of equestrian beauty, and would grace the stable of a Bonner or a Vanderbilt. We bade our Mormon friend "good bye," but he insisted on showing us about the city, and pointing out the residences of the rulers of the Faithful. We walked along the different streets until we were tired, then parted company, and sought our hotel.

We received many attentions from General Proctor,

brother of our traveling friend, the United States Commissioner. He commands at Camp Douglas, a military post three miles from the city, pleasantly located in a niche in the mountains. He came after our party, carried us to his camp, and to the Hot Sulphur Springs, and showed us many other acts of kindness, which were gratefully received. He (like all other military men in this locality) has little respect for the character, and especially the morals, of most of these modern saints.

The Mormons have now a plan for quietly getting rid of the "Gentile" merchants who have fattened, as they say, in their midst. They have established mercantile institutions, or union stores, of which they have entire control, and which are designated in the following manner. Over the door of each are painted (arranged in the form of an arch) these words: "Holiness to the Lord;" under the arch is painted a large eye, intended to represent, they say, the "all-seeing Eye;" under the eye are the words, "Zion's Co-operative Union Mercantile Institution." The "Faithful" are expected to do all their trading at these stores. If they are seen to go into other stores they are brought up for church discipline.

This new plan bears hard upon the outside merchants, and especially upon the Jews, who have grown rich on Mormon trade, but are now obliged to close doors, and become the pests of some other community.

The soldiers make much ridicule of these Mormon stores and signs. The eye they irreverently call the "bull's eye," and say it is put there because many of the Mormons cannot read, but can follow the eye, and hit upon the proper stores.

Our hotel proprietor is a Mormon. He has three wives: the first lives in dignified retirement, apparently looking down with indifference or contempt upon all after-comers; the third appears to be the pet, and has her quarters in another part of the city; the second wife "keeps the hotel." She sees that all parts of the house are kept neat and clean; looks after the bedding and the furniture of all the rooms; assures herself that the cooking is done in the very best manner; attends upon the table, and looks after the comfort of every individual guest. Having once heard, no one can forget the soft, sad tone of her voice, as she moves among her boarders, asking if they will have something more or

something better in the way of eatables, or if there is anything more that can be done to make their sojourn more home-like and agreeable. Happy the man or woman, worn and racked, covered with the sweat of toil and the dust of travel, who can receive the kind ministrations of wife No. 2 at the Townsend House.

Mr. Townsend is a very clever, intelligent man, and very obliging; but the "Gentiles" say he is very lazy, and will soon marry another wife to help do the house-work, as he knows it is cheaper to marry than to hire. We liked Mr. Townsend very much, and our party had no reason to complain of our treatment at his well-kept hotel.

The subject of polygamy I shall not attempt to discuss here. I held several arguments with the "saints" upon the subject, but always came off second-best. They quote passages of scripture to sanction all their doings. They claim that the effects of their faith and practice can be shown in their own city, which is much better governed, and has fewer drinking-saloons, gambling-hells, and other bad places, than any "Gentile" city of its size. A plurality of wives, they assert,

improves the morals of a community; and the sins practiced in our large cities were dwelt upon in terms more forcible than elegant. They say their wives live together in perfect harmony, but I have reason to doubt it. A lady — a teacher of music — informed me that wife No. 2 of a near neighbor of hers once rushed into her room with a black eye, and exhibited great rage. It appears that the three wives had got into a triangular fight, and in the midst of the row the husband came in and dealt his blows, right and left, with little discrimination As No. 2 did not immediately fall submissive at his feet, he pitched her out of doors. After her rage had somewhat cooled, she discussed the subject of divided affection. Pointing to the cemetery, she said, "*That graveyard is filled with the remains of women who have died of broken hearts!*"

No one can visit this city without admiring the temperance, the frugality and industry of its inhabitants. Temporal prosperity and thrift are seen on every side.

Coarse theatrical performances, such as are exhibited in our cities, are not allowed. All visit the theatre,

but Brigham Young decides upon the character of the performances, and furnishes most of the actors.

As I have before said, most of the Mormons have but one wife each. If they wish to take more they are obliged to show to the satisfaction of the Church authorities that they are able to support them.

The richer the man the more wives he can have; and he, oftimes, takes "advantage of the situation,"—selecting all the young and pretty women, leaving the poor young man, who "sighs like a furnace," to take the old and ugly, live in "single blessedness," or flee to the "Gentiles."

Those in high position in the Church have the greatest number of wives. How many Brigham has I know not,—I don't know as he can tell. Besides his wives, he has so many women "sealed" to him that one of our party remarked, "sealing-wax must by this time be very scarce in Salt Lake City."

As David Crocket said to Gen. Jackson, "I like your cider, but—confound your pickles;" so I saw much that I liked in Salt Lake City, but—deliver me from its female beauty! May I never become a Mormon

until a new revelation has brought to light better specimens of feminine physiognomy than are now found in Utah.

On Monday afternoon, after laying in abundant stores for our future journey, we again chartered a stage from Wells, Fargo & Co., and started on our return to the railroad.

The ride of forty miles was a delightful one, — this time all the way by daylight, — through what was once a desert, but, now in a certain degree, the garden of the world. The air was soft and balmy, and the most delicate veils of mist hung between the hills and before the face of the distant monarch mountains, — snow-crowned and sky-piercing! Every turn in the road developed some new feature of beauty, some new phase of the sublime.

We traversed many a lovely spot, where once nought was seen but sage-brush and the desert sand, where the sound of neither beast nor bird was heard. But Mormon industry and irrigation brought forth the verdant lawn, the waving grain, the growing fruits and the cooling shades; and now, the cow and sheep recline

beneath wide-spreading branches, and sweet-toned birds sing songs of gladness in thickets and in bowers. At every stopping-place upon the road, little girls would come out to the stage with some cooling drinks or tempting baskets of pies and cakes.

At one station, (Franklin,) we met Brigham Young and his party, who were returning from Ogden, where they had been to inaugurate the ceremonies of breaking ground for the new Mormon Railroad, which is to connect Salt Lake City with the great national highway.

The party had stopped to dine. Brigham was upon the piazza, but, as he found all eyes directed towards him, he turned away and went into the hotel. Mr. Hooper, Mormon Delegate to Congress, came out and held some conversation with Mr. Proctor, whom he had previously met in Washington. Upon reaching the "bad spot" in the road, we all got out and walked around it, again loaded up, and drove on, reaching the station about dark.

We found the train would not leave until 12 o'clock at night, so we must in patience wait. We

drew forth our supper from the lunch-baskets, and spread it upon the railroad platform, — using trunks, baskets, carpet-bags, and soap boxes for dining-room furniture. We had all things in common. We made but a small inroad upon the bounteous store of provisions Mr. Proctor's foresight had provided, neither did we make use of the china or silver ware, which Mrs. Marsh was charged to guard with jealous care.

About 10 o'clock Mr. Marsh came on from Odgen, and joined us. He was at once made a member of *our* ring, and his admission was celebrated by a jolly good time.

Mr. Marsh calls himself an old resident of California. He has long been connected with most of the public improvements of that growing State. He has a large interest in one of the quartz gold mines of Nevada City, and in the water works which supply the city, — and the miners for a distance of sixty miles, — is at the head of the masonic fraternity, and is, also, a Director in the Central Pacific Railroad. He had just taken part in the ceremonies of laying the last tie, and gave us a graphic account thereof. From

him we gained much useful information in regard to the route we intended soon to pass over.

While engaged in pleasant conversation, the hours passed by. Twelve o'clock came, also the train, — with no sleeping-car. We took seats, and reached Promontory about daylight. We were at the end of the Union Pacific Railroad. Our further journeyings were to be over the Central Pacific.

Owing to a quarrel, or misunderstanding, between the superintendents of these two roads, we found that we could make no connection, and could not leave the place until evening. The passengers became very indignant, and there was some "tall talking," which fell unpleasantly upon the ears of Mr. Marsh, although he had done all in his power to remedy the matter and prevent the delay. The officers of the "Union Pacific," ordered us out of their cars, saying they had use for them, — they had carried us to the end of their road, — they had nothing more to do with us, only to discharge us; and out we were turned into the hot sun, with no shade, no hotel, no house, — surrounded by no comforts but sand, alkali, and sage-

brush. Many of the passengers, having had no sleep the night before, looked pretty hard as they sat on their carpet-bags, nodding in the hot sun. One is astonished at the heat experienced here, in the middle of the day, upon these elevated deserts about 5,000 feet above the sea. But there is no water about here, and the sand reflects the heat.

In the afternoon we were made more comfortable by the cool breezes that came down from distant Rocky Mountain peaks. A person is very much deceived in regard to distances here, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. Mountains that appear to many to be but eight or ten miles away, prove to be sixty or seventy. Some of the passengers, in order to pass time, resolved to go to the top of a small peak that lay off to the left or south of the road. They thought the distance about three-fourths of a mile. After walking a long time, and finding they did not come to the mountain, and that the mountain did not come to them, gave it up, and returned. They afterwards learned that the mountain was more than six miles distant. A member of another party shot a large rattlesnake, a little way

from the track, and carried the rattles in his money-purse to San Francisco.

We had plenty of time to examine the "last tie," which had been so cut up that a guard had to be placed over it, — and this was said to have been the *third* "last tie" that had been laid there.

We were quite amused at a little incident that occurred during the day. One of the passengers strolled into a little whiskey tent, and asked if he could procure something to eat. The proprietor said, jocosely, that he could cook him some plover. "Plover — plover," said our passenger, "what is that?" "Why, it is a bird that has got wings and can fly," was the reply. "Got wings, and can fly!" ejaculated our passenger; "I'll none of it. *Anything that has got wings and can fly, and don't get away from this deserted, forlorn and forsaken spot, is unfit for human food!*"

We learned that we were to have no more sleeping-cars. The Central Pacific Company had none. They had several building, which were to be delivered before the first of July. When the contract was given out, it was supposed the road could not be completed before that time.

Night approached, and the Central cars came up to the rough platform. There was a "big rush" for the ladies' car. Mr. Marsh and the conductor managed to keep back the crowd until our party was seated, then on came the democracy, and, in an instant, every seat was filled. We ate our lunch, and started; some leaving curses loud and deep upon the place, and upon the parties who had caused our long detention in it.

We found the Central Road much better constructed and safer than that portion of the Union Road west of Bitter Creek. We rode along near the border of the Great Salt Lake, and passed the monuments erected by Fremont, and where one of his foremen was murdered by the Indians. Sleep soon began to make demands upon me, and I went forward into the baggage-car, rolled up in my blanket, cast my lot among the mail-bags, and slept soundly until morning. I awoke, covered and choked with dust, and returned to my sleepy companions. We were now near the Humboldt Range, riding along the banks of the Humboldt River, that remarkable stream which, rising in the Rocky Mountains, runs on for hundreds of miles, then loses itself in

the sands of the desert, or seeks some subterranean passage to the far-off ocean. Some other rivers in this western land share the same fate.

It was pleasant once more to behold the sight of clear, running water. The green grass began to appear and trees to show themselves, and we felt that we were approaching a better country. Cheerful countenances were again exhibited around our lunch-baskets, which still yielded, in great abundance, good baked bread, sandwiches, cold boiled ham, pickles, biscuits, cheese, pepper, salt, butter, canned strawberries and peaches, cakes, crackers, pies, oranges, currant-wine, grape-wine, and, as the advertisements say, "other articles too numerous to mention."

In the afternoon we reached Elko, where a great many left to take the stage for the silver mines of the White Pine region, about which there is so much excitement.

Here we met the "wickedest man" living west of the Rocky Mountains. He had been in almost every jail in California. He had just been driven from White Pine, where the "*last tie*" awaits his return.

One feature of our journey not mentioned, was the interesting sight of large companies of Chinamen constantly at work upon the road, making the bed wider and the track more secure. It was interesting to watch their movements, examine their peculiar costumes, including the "pig-tail," and to hear their happy Chinese chatter, and broken "pigeon English." These Chinamen are not to be immediately discharged, but are to continue their labor until the "Central" is made in every respect a first-class road. The "Union" has retained some of their men; but has discharged by far too many. The western portion of their road needs a great deal of thorough labor to make it what it should be to satisfy the government and secure safety to the traveler.

Both companies have graded roads near Great Salt Lake which are not made use of. They have graded by each other for a distance, I was told, of about one hundred and fifty miles. The "Union" got their rails laid down first, as far as Promontory. This unoccupied graded road, is, we understand, the principal bone of contention between the two companies.

Another night found us "nid, nid, nodding" on the moving car. We awoke opposite the deserted city of Humboldt, where there was such a rush and rage for gold-hunting a few years ago. The city contains eighty houses, but not a soul in one of them.

We soon approached the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The Rocky Mountains, on the whole, did not meet our expectations. But these mountains came up to our pre-conceived ideas of mountains — embracing the spruce, the fir, the pine, dashing waterfalls, deep, dark glens, rocks, gorges,

* * * Canons dark and deep,

Where sunbeams never enter, torrents never sleep;

and sky-piercing pinnacles, warring with the elements, and sending down their melting snows to water the parched earth in the vales and plains below.

We entered Truckee Canon. Here we found a number of large saw-mills, and the lumber business immense. Lumber from this region supplied the hundreds of miles of railroad which we had passed over since leaving Promontory. The Truckee River supplies water-power

in great abundance. The waters of this river are cold and clear, and within them trout do much abound.

Through Truckee Canon all emigrants were formerly obliged to pass, to get into California. Here the greater portion of a party of emigrants (called the Donner party) perished in 1845. Thirty-nine persons were frozen or starved to death. They were caught in the snow, and got out of provisions.

In the spring their bodies were found, nearly 7,000 feet above the sea, and the tops of the stumps of trees which they had cut down for fuel, were 18 feet from the ground. The reader can judge a little of the depth of the snow they were endeavoring to struggle through. Mrs. M. is well acquainted with a lady who was of the party, and related to me the following incident:

This lady had a child, a girl, twenty-three months old. The mother became weak and exhausted, — driven almost to insanity. All motherly instinct and affection seemed to have deserted her. She lost all hope and, finally, abandoned her child! Left it behind to die! A man who came along, the next day, found this child,

still alive, and although starving himself, took it up in his arms, and bore this burden, day after day, suffering untold horrors, but still clinging to his helpless charge. The mother lived, and became wealthy, in San Francisco. The stranger and child lived and settled in San Jose. When reason and strength were restored, the mind of the mother constantly went back to the abandonment of her child, which she, of course, supposed had perished. By accident, she learned that a child had been picked up by some person who came on after her, and taken to San Jose. She went there, and found it to be her own child!—her only daughter! The man had adopted her, and both claimed her. They compromised, and shared the prize. They educated her, loved her, and cared for her, — the one as a father, the other as a mother,— and this once deserted child is now an accomplished lady, the wife of a Dr. Mitchell, and resides in Oregon.

Many tales of this Donner party are told, some of them of a startling nature, but I have not room for them here. I am informed that the history of this party is recorded in a book. Donner Lake, which derives its name

from the leader of this party, is a beautiful sheet of deep, dark, blue water, embosomed in these high mountains. Words would fail to describe the many scenes and grand sights along these mountain sides.

Our train worked its way slowly up the steep grades until it conveyed us into a severe snow storm, — such as we have sometimes in New England, in the month of February. We had, at the next station, a grand time of snow-balling. We now entered the tunnels or snow-sheds. The trains pass, in all, through twenty-two miles of sheds, and next winter will pass through forty miles. These sheds are not in one continuous line, but are built where most required, at intervals, along the road.

We stopped a few minutes at the summit, more than 7,000 feet above the sea. I wish that every reader could pass along these mountain sides, and take one look at these verdure-sided peaks; these crystal mountain streams; these wild ravines or gulches, and gaze down into these awful canons.

Every turn in the road revealed new beauties.

At Cisco we partook of an excellent breakfast. The water upon the table was as clear as crystal, and nearly

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as cold as ice itself. The winds whistled, and the snow flew without, while we appeased our keen appetites with the good things within.

After breakfast, we began to descend. We were, already, in California. We went the next fifty miles without the aid of steam. The conductor and brakeman ran the train with brakes on most of the way. On we dashed through Blue Canon, and on into the mining region, where hydraulic mining has been carried on to a great extent; where water has been conducted, for miles, in ditches, flumes and pipes, over hills and ravines, to the place desired, and turned upon the hills until they have been almost washed away. All the way on to Colfax, the hills, away to our right, appeared to have been subjected to these hydraulic processes, and nearly obliterated, through man's thirst for gold.

The climax to our mountain ride was the "doubling of Cape Horn," as it is called. We arrive at an impassable ravine, and must go around it. We follow the track around the sides of high mountains, — looking down into a canon of awful depth, — winding around for miles, until we almost meet the track we had before

been over — so near that one would think we could almost throw a stone across. We have been *around* the head of the canon, and have, therefore, "doubled Cape Horn."

At Colfax, Mr. Marsh and family left us, to take their carriage, which was waiting to convey them to their home in Nevada City; and the best wishes of the remainder of the party went with them.

Here we met the train from Sacramento, bound eastward, and many anxious inquiries were made of us, concerning the road, the eating-houses, and the Indians.

Here we met some of the Digger Indians, — poor, harmless specimens of humanity, — half clothed in rags. These Indians feed upon berries, grasshoppers and acorns, and lodge in the open air, under little bark shelters, or in little holes which they dig in the ground. They are, probably, the lowest specimens of the race, but are good-natured and inoffensive.

The question has been often asked in regard to the prospect of danger to the Pacific Road from hostile Indians. I find that men best qualified to answer the question differ in their opinions. Some military men

think that a raid will be made upon the road this summer, by the Sioux. They were "stirred up" by Sheridan, last fall, and are thirsting for revenge. They have somewhere from ten to fifteen thousand warriors, mounted on fleet horses. It would be an easy matter for them to rush on to an unprotected portion of the road, in the night, tear up the track, withdraw until the train comes up, is thrown from the track or brought to a stand-still, then rush forward again, and tear up the track in the rear of the cars, and thus have all of the passengers at their mercy. Others say that the Indians will not touch the telegraph wires or railroad. They have a sort of mysterious awe of both, and especially of the great "smoke wagon," as they call the locomotive. But bad white men may join them, and teach them in their nefarious operations. Most of the outrages committed upon the frontier settlers, by the Indians, have been instigated and set on foot by bad white men in their midst,—men who unite with them, and make use of them, that they may have the lion's share of their plunderings and stealings.

The portion of the road supposed to be in the

most danger from the Indians is in the vicinity of Cheyenne.

Our cavalry cannot operate successfully against these Indians in the summer, when their horses are in good condition. They are too fleet for our horsemen. They must be hunted in the winter.

The poor Indian has few friends, and his days will soon be numbered.

As we descended the mountain the snow storm turned into a rain storm, and we reached Sacramento in the midst of it; took the steamer and sailed down the Sacramento River, looking with wonder at the immense piles of Salmon that lined the shores at every landing. We took on board cart-loads of them, which had just been caught in the river. We were also surprised at the advanced stage of the crops and vegetables along the shore. Strawberries had long been plenty, and wheat was almost ready for the harvest.

We steamed along, near the base of Mount Diablo, down the Bay to San Francisco, and called our journey done. The continent had been crossed.

Our locks, so recently moist with the spray of the Atlantic Surf, now waved in the breeze that poured through the Golden Gate.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Since the foregoing was written, I have made the return trip over the same roads, and found things much improved. The bad portions of the Union Road were made much better, the bridge over the Weber passable, and, at Wahsatch, we found a respectable eating-house.

There is much room for improvement yet. There is the same vexatious delay at Promontory. We were nearly eight days in coming from San Francisco to New York. Six days, with proper management, is sufficient. The fare is still too high, one hundred and seventy-three dollars. It should be reduced to one hundred dollars. On our return we had, on the Central Road, the most elegant and comfortable sleeping-car that we had ever seen. All the sleeping-cars on the Pacific Roads were much better than those we found this side of Omaha. But four dollars a berth is a pretty large price. In regard to meals,

one dollar and a quarter is a pretty steep price to pay for fried ham and potatoes.

Self-interest, alone, will soon compel these companies, to improve their grades, lessen their curves, replace their weak bridges by more permanent ones, lay another track, and erect comfortable station-houses. Citizens of a country that furnishes the best hotels in the world, will see that eating-houses and hotels are erected at suitable places along the line, where travelers can find good meals, and good rooms for the accommodation of those who wish to stop over and rest in their journeyings.

In less than ten years, travelers passing over these roads, will find villages and cities scattered along the whole distance from Omaha to San Francisco. The plains will be dotted with thousands of farm houses; the mountains will become places of summer resort; and even the sage-brush, in many portions of the great upland desert, will disappear before the fertilizing streams of water which man's ingenuity and industry will cause to flow down from the distant mountains, and through the arid plains, enriching and beautifying on their way.

Two other lines of railroad will soon be built; one over the "Southern," another over the "Northern Route."

An immense population will soon appear along these routes. All these railroads will, in a few years, have more business than they can do; and vast sections of the country will soon be calling loudly for more railroad facilities.

To get a proper idea of the vast extent of our country, one must attempt to wander over it. Let him travel for weeks, for months, yes, for years, and never cross its boundaries. Let him view its millions of yet unoccupied acres, and think of the thousands on thousands of human beings its resources can supply, and forgive him if his bosom swells with American pride, and he boasts of the best country on the face of the earth.

Dear Reader, we must now say, Farewell! At some other time, in some form, I may tell you of my wanderings in California and Oregon; of some of the wonders of the far-famed valley of the Yo-Semite; of rich mines of gold and silver; of the heat and steam and almost infernal fires that rage in the deep canon of the

geysers; of the famous "big trees;" of the remarkable sights in Bower Cave; of wanderings among the Sierra Nevada Mountains; of steam passage to Oregon; of the great Columbia River, its cascades and romantic passage through the Rocky Mountains; of stage rides by night and by day through all of Oregon and a great portion of California; of the never-to-be-forgotten visits to Mount Shasta and Mount Hood; and of a vast region unsurpassed in richness, — its surface covered with matchless grain, luscious fruits and brilliant flowers, while beneath the volcano smoulders and the earthquake sleeps!

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